New Party, whose policy mainly aimed at reforming constitutional procedure, and a weekly, *Action,* first edited by Mr. Harold Nicolson, later Member of Parliament for Leicester in the National Labour interest; the Pope broadcast for the first time, the Holy Father's voice being heard in all parts of the world; Mr. Eugene O'Neill excelled himself by producing a play. *Strange Interlude,* whose performance lasted five hours without one laugh; and the *New Statesman,* a Socialist weekly, originally Fabian, amalgamated, first with the Liberal *Nation,* then with the *Week-end Review,* whose editor, Mr. Gerald Barry, had formerly been editor of the *Saturday Review,* but had fallen out with its proprietor on a question of policy, and started the *Week-End Review* by way of protest. This confused situation in due course sorted itself out. Under the editorship of Mr. Kingsley Martin, the *New Statesman* and affiliated periodicals became the chief organ of Left-Wing intellectuals;[4] Mr. Gerald Barry became editor of the *News Chronicle,* sole relic of Liberal daily journalism; and the *Saturday Review* fell into the hands of Lady Houston, appearing until her death in 1937 with a Union Jack and a Red Flag and the legend * Under Which Flag?' on the front cover, a cure for colds devised by Lady Houston herself on the back cover, and in between much patriotic matter.

Cross-word puzzles became daily instead of weekly features in most newspapers; air mails to all parts of the world were instituted, and the activities and internecine feuds of American gangsters were followed with interest, Al Capone,

Jack Diamond and others becoming better known than most politicians, new words and expressions like 'racket', 'bumped off', 'taken for a

[4] Not always, however, satisfying their somewhat exacting demands, 'But for Guidance in the task of… casting off the skin of nineteenth-century coal-and-gas ideology, and substituting an up-to-date hydro-electric-biological mental wardrobe,' a correspondent wrote plaintively at the beginning of 193 8—Tor this we mostly look in vain. Yet if the *New Statesman and Nation* will not supply this urgent need, where else are we to look for help?'